The Happy Return of the Old Dutch MILLER.

To the Tune of the First.

[1]

GOod People of *England*, I hope you have had
Experience of my Art in my Trade;
For I am the *Miller* that was here before,
And grownd Women young, of four or five-score.
Then make haste Customers, bring in your Tribes;
I'l quickly dispatch them without any Bribes.
For I am so Zealous for Whiglanders *Crew,*
I'l cure their Distempers with one Turn or Two.

[2]

And now (for your comfort) I am come again,
To cure the defection amongst all your Men;
Whether they be Factious, Stupid or Lame;
Let's see e're a Chymist that can do the same.
Then make haste Customers, &c.

[3]

If you have e're a City that's troubl'd with Simples;
That's over-rich grown, and has Rebellious pimples
I'l strip it of all these defects in an hour,
And make it submit to the *King* or the *Tower.*
Then make haste Customers, &c.

[4]

If you have an *Old Cripple* that sits and designs,
Which way to destroy the *King* and his *Vines*;
Or if that his *Tap* stand in the wrong place,
And pis's above Navle, I'l cure his Disease.
Then make haste Customers, &c.

[5]

In my *Mill* I will put him, 'twixt two *Sainted Whores,*
Who shall raise his Rudder with help of their Oars:
Between their warm Bellies, like *Pug*, he shall lye,
Till they suck out his *Senses*, and leave his *Tap* dry.
Then make haste Customers, &c.

[6]

Then out of the *Stew* I'l hang him o'th' Top
Of one of my Sails, at the end of a *Rope:*
There in the wind he shall swing up and down,
Till he caper and grin with th' best *Monky* in Town.
Then make haste Customers, &c.

[7]

If you have e're a *Fop* that's proud of a *String,*
And fain would aspire to the Throne of a *King:*
Bring him to my *Mill*, I will presently show
If he's qualified for a *Monarch*, or no.
Then make haste Customers, &c.

[8]

If you have e're a *Lord* that's *Pimp* to his *Wife,*
And to hide his *Horns* would venture his Life:
Send Her to my *Mill*, I'l venture a Tryal,
To make Her as *Honest* as e're He was *Loyal.*
Then make haste Customers, &c.

[9]

If you have e're a Slabering Lord that's a *Fool,*
And sits in *Cabals*, a *Kingdom* to Rule,
And stands for a States-man: I'le make him as able
As ever a *Helper* in all his own *Stable.*
Then make haste Customers, &c.

[10]

If you have e're a *Lord* that used to *Preach*
I'th' Top of a *Crab-Tree*, above all your reach,
And still the *Lords Supper* expos'd in *Lambs-wool:*
Send him to my *Mill*, I'le Reform his Skull.
Then make haste Customers, &c.

[11]

If you have e'r a *Knight* that's *Knave* and *Thred-bare,*
That deals in *Neck-Laces*, and such kind of *Ware:*
And stole the best *Plot*, now hides it in *Bristol:*
Bring him to my *Mill*, I'le make him confess't all.
Then make haste Customers, &c.

[12]

If you have, or had, any *Sheriffs* that are *Whigs,*
That have cut off some *Heads*, and are cutting off *Legs*
Bring them, and their *Perjur'd Juries* together,
I'l turn 'em all round in my *Mill* with the Weather.
Then make haste Customers, &c.

[13]

If you have e'r a *Doctor* that has ne'r a *Mouth,*
But a *Hole in* the place for a *Nose*, North & South:
Put him in my *Mill*, it shall make him speak Sense
Behind and before, like a *Quaker* in *Trance.*
Then make hast Customers, &c.

[13]

If *He has been Perjur'd Ten Thousand times o'r,*
And for want of Imployment begins to grow *Poor;*
I'l make him as *Rich* (*if he know his own Name*)
As when he came *Mumping* from *Flanders* or *Spain.*
Then make haste Customers, &c.

[15]

If *Forty Religions* he dares to *Believe,*
And yet *Preacheth Blasphemy*, Fools to deceive:
Put him in my *Mill*, with more of the *Grist,*
I'l make him a *Devil*, a *Man*, or a *Beast.*
Then make haste Customers, &c.

[16]

If you have any *Plots*, either *Sham Ones* or *True Ones,*
Bring out the *Contrivers*, both *black ones* & *blew ones:*
I'l either Refine 'em from all their past *Ill,*
Or else I will strangle them *All* in my *MILL.*
Then make hast Customers, bring in our Tribes,
I'l quickly dispatch them without any Bribes;
For I am so Zealous for Whiglanders *Crew,*
I'l cure their Distempers with One Turn or Two.

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